# ODE
## ON THE
# KING's Birth-Day,
## By *THO. SHADWELL*,
Poet-Laureat and Hiſtoriographer-Royal.

5th Nov. 1692.

I.

HAil! Hail, thou Bleſt, thou moſt Auſpicious Day,
On which broke forth ſuch an Illuſtrious Ray,
As has o'er *Europe* ſince diſpers'd his Light,
And every Day ſtill grows more Glorioufly bright.

II.

The Hope of *Europe* dawn'd when he aroſe;
Oh happy was that Morn;
Bleſt was the Princely Womb did him diſcloſe:
Let Golden Letters this great Day adorn,
Which brought Him forth whom by Heav'n deſign'd,
Cho. *The Univerſal Champion of Mankind.*

III.

Firſt, *Belgia* felt His Influence,
Which ere His Noon He amply did diſpence;
When groaning underneath the *Gallick* Pow'r,
What *Naſſau* firſt did raiſe, this *Naſſau* did reſtore:
And 'twas a Work of full as great a Weight,
Of His who did Redeem, as His who did Create.

IV.

*Then* Britain *felt His Pow'rful Beams,*
*Eclips'd, and in her laſt Extreams,*
*He ſhed about His Heat and Light,*
*And Vigour did impart*
*To ev'ry Engliſh Heart,*
*He ſoon diſpell'd all Clouds of Night,*
*And* Britain *now again ſhines bright.*
*He invaded her with Liberty,*
*And ſet the Laws and Goſpel free.*
Cho. Oh *Britain* theſe great Acts He did for thee.

V. In-

V.

Inflam'd by Him your Ancient Warlike Name,
Which you had gain'd under Victorious Kings,
Is now restor'd with Never-dying Fame,
And loudly through the World your Valour rings,
Which you had lost in vile inglorious Peace,
Under soft Princes drown'd in Vice and Ease,
He wak'd you from your sordid Lethargy:
Cho. *Oh* Britain, *These great Acts H'has done for Thee!*

VI.

Destroy'd be then that Vip'rous Brood,
Who would their Mothers Bowels tear;
Or would oppose thy *Hero's* Good,
By whom thou dost thy Honours bear;
By whom our Liberties and Lives,
Our Goods, our Children, and our Wives,
Our Altars and our Fires defended are.

VII.

He does to thickest Crowds of Foes,
His Sacred Breast for us expose:
Oh may His Toyls and Dangers cease;
And His Keen Sword give *Europe* Peace;
That Circled in His Sweet *MARIA's* Arms,
He may be free from Rough Alarms;
And in wise Sway His Mind employ,
And all the Calm Delights of Peace enjoy.

VIII.

Blest be the Day which joyn'd this Royal Pair,
The Wise and Valiant, with the Good and Fair.
And on that Day may Heav'n for ever smile,
On which they both espous'd this Happy Isle.

Small Cho. *Long may They Live in Happiness!*
Cho. *Long may They Reign with Glory and Success!*
*They one another, and We Them, possess.*

Gen. Cho. *Let Us to Heav'n Our Praises loudly sing,*
*For such a Gracious QUEEN, for such a Glorious KING.*

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